# The Wellesley Magazine

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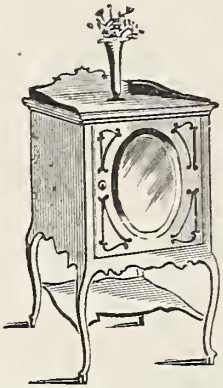

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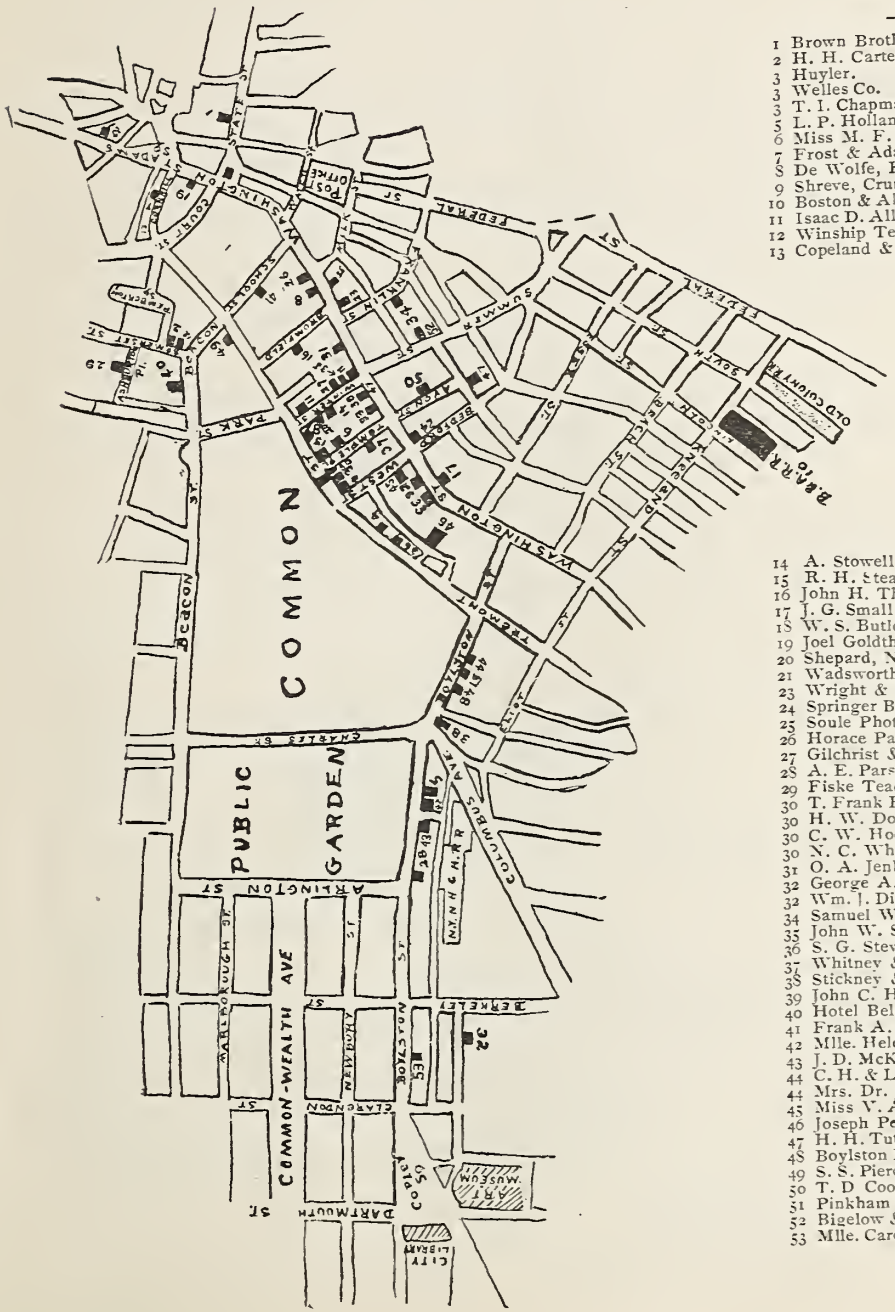


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THE CORNER-STONE OF THE Houghton Memorial Chapel, LAID NOVEMBER TWENTY-SECOND, 1897.

*This Address was delivered by Rev. Edward L. Clark, D. D.*

WHY was this new Chapel given to Wellesley College? The cross upon the corner-stone is the answer: "It is a labour of love shewed toward *His* name." It is also a memorial of William S. Houghton, given by his son and daughter, Clement S. Houghton and Elizabeth G. Houghton. The father was a trustee who laboured many years to fulfill the purpose for which these broad lands and stately buildings were given. His children, in sympathy with his views and to perpetuate them, have given this Chapel.

This purpose of Mr. Durant is expressed in a sermon familiar to you all upon "The spirit of the College." Twenty-seven years ago he wrote in the Bible put in the corner-stone of College Hall, "This building is humbly dedicated to our Heavenly Father with the hope and prayer that He may be always first, and by it souls may be led to Christ." Seven years later a Bible in the corner-stone of Music Hall bore this inscription: "The College of Music is dedicated to Almighty God with the hope that it will be used in His service."

Mr. Houghton understood by these words that as every good and perfect thing comes from God, we are accountable to Him for their use. The spirit of self-denial which was incarnate in Jesus Christ will teach us how to receive, increase and use these gifts. Therefore, to know God in Jesus Christ is the beginning of wisdom.

The questions which divide the Christian world do not concern this view of a religious education. Movements of theological opinion are to religion what waves are to the tides, or winds to the atmosphere in which "we live, move and have our being." Mr. Herbert Spencer speaks with awe of the signs of purpose in the atoms, and even suggests a form of self-sacrifice in their struggle for development. The same writer has given us this definition, "Life is the continual adjustment of the inner relations to the outer relations." The thought of the Creator and the labour of the mind created in his image, move together toward the perfect life. This is what Mr. Houghton meant by a religious education. It is being "led out" by the hand of God.

Mr. John Fiske in a noble essay upon "the everlasting reality of reli-

gion," illustrates Mr. Spencer's idea of life by the career of the most brilliant writer of France, who in his hatred of shams especially in religion, not less than in his intellectual gifts acknowleged his indebtedness to Deity. He wished to rear a monument to this divine lead, and on his estate at Ferney, where his best work was done, built a Chapel on which he inscribed, "To God, erected by Voltaire."

Be that as it may, certainly, the office of religion is to make the mind reverent, humble and industrious. It enables men through a pure heart to see God, to receive His revelation and with it the keys of the kingdom. When we truly see God anywhere we see Him everywhere.

Such were Mr. Houghton's convictions. He whose great name stands first in the act of the incorporation of the College, Hon. William Claflin, will bear witness to them. That name recalls one who shared this and every other noble sentiment with him. Her sweet dignity and strength of character, the ideal of Christian womanhood is a benediction in this place to-day. The Alumnæ of the College, who are our "reserves," know of his purpose. That court of final appeal—public opinion—rejoices to have this Chapel carry out the old spirit in a new way. If we are, as it is said, more affected by what we see than by what we hear, this building has a noble work to do.

It should be remembered that Mr. Houghton did not overlook the details of college life in a broad view of its intent. He was watchful of whatever concerns sound learning in the health and happiness of daily life. Bodily exercise "profits little" in comparison with the broad sweep of "godliness," but that "little" is of the greatest value. Sanitary conditions include whatever secures a good conscience, an active mind and a sunny life. The end lights the way.

Mr. Houghton lived in the spirit of St. Paul, "It is a very small thing that I should be judged of you. He that judgeth me is the Lord." In the service of his Master he was trained to search for himself until he saw truth clearly and therefore rightly. He saw in His light rightly, and could not fail to see clearly. Courage was, with Mr. Houghton—as the word suggests—an "affair of the heart." He desired that the love of Christ should train all hearts, independent of human opinion, into fellowship with God. The new Chapel was given that it might become the school of self-reliance.

With an intelligent strength of purpose, Mr. Houghton united a gracious manner. These were in effect one, like the light and heat of the sun. He earnestly desired for you all, those Christian influences which

proceed from a good heart, and express themselves in the refinement of every good word and work. Mr. Durant was not more insistant upon the close alliance which exists between religion and the fine arts than this great friend of Wellesley. They recognized the same purpose revealing itself in the mount at one time by patterns of "cunning work"—or more exactly "works of the thinker," and manifesting itself at another time in the commandments. From both of these the face of Moses caught the glow of an unconscious nobility. Mr. Houghton knew how much the success of an education when applied to life depends upon the manner in which it is used. He valued a pleasing address as a continual letter of introduction, and it would not be amiss to add—a letter of credit! Lady Elizabeth Hastings, when building chapels and schools, was by the power of association building into the secret training of her heart what was revealed openly in her charming personality. The saying of Sir Richard Steele is among our familiar household words. "To love her is a liberal education." There is no law of society or of the land which can secure rights for anyone. The test of all ability and the place it fills is usefulness. But there is no good thing which may not be lost or made twice blessed by the manner in which it is done. It is a felicitous thing to have the Chapel so near "Music Hall" and the "Art Building." It stands in the center of all the buildings. It is a silent voice to witness for the quality which endears—for "charity" or "dearness." St. Paul thought that this gift is to be desired more than tongues or knowledge or faith or hope.

The memory of your benefactor would not be complete, if we did not recall his sympathy with those who found their struggle for an education full of difficulties. This christlike "feeling of infirmities" has made his name, with the name of Mr. Durant, sacred to all who love the best interests of humanity. It would be strange if it were not so. Mr. Houghton came to Boston as Joseph came into Egypt with nothing to sustain him but the integrity of his own strong heart. He knew how often lives which would otherwise have been happy in doing good are embittered by their discouragements. Mr. Houghton and his wife as advisers or trustees from the beginning of the college, gave generously of their time, thought and material resources, and above all their sympathy, to make rough places smooth. They saved with their "sweetness and light," for sweetness and light, those who were to be leaders of the generation so close at hand. They did all in imitation of Him who never despaired of His mission, or regretted His trials, or doubted the love of

his Father. This service will continue in a building into which by terms of the gift, no daily tasks, or amusements will intrude. It is sacred to holy consolations which blend with memories, "As one whom his mother comforteth." It will kindle by its altars helpful college friendships, for He said, "I have called you friends." It will echo the applause of unseen witnesses, "Well done, good and faithful servants." It will make discipline perfect in its gracious authority saying continually, "Remember those that have rule over you."

May the memory of Mr. Houghton ever stand by this new gate called "Beautiful" not to bestow alms, but to give the power to go about in the self-respect of self-support and the joy of new found strength. Do you ask, "In whose name" he will help discouraged souls to rise up, and walk, praising God. You will see His cross upon the corner stone looking steadfastly towards the north-east in the path of our New England storms.

Upon the Bible which rests in this corner stone is written a message from the 118th Psalm. It suggests beyond the loyal service of a trustee, the self-reliance, princely courtesy and warm sympathy of the man, the great faith which inspired it all. "The Lord is my strength and my song and is become my salvation. I shall not die but live and declare the works of the Lord." In the same Psalm is your response, "God is the Lord which hath showed us light. O give thanks unto the Lord." The coming years will remember these friends who have so generously yet unconsciously reared in this chapel a monument to filial devotion and will go to this psalm for the refrain, "We have blessed you out of the house of the Lord." Those who are present as a great cloud of witnesses will not wait for that day. We invoke from them and with them a blessing to-day upon the second generation of those who in this chapel "Honour Father and Mother." May the dear child who bears the name of one of your benefactors and may all the daughters of Wellesley be "as corner stones polished after the similitude of a palace." May their characters be built into strength and beauty "Jesus Christ himself the chief corner stone."

We rest upon these words of the old and the new Testament. Their golden wings in this holiest of places which we consecrate with our songs and prayers and memories, touch one another in the splendour of God above our Mercy Seat.

# THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

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THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE is published monthly, from October to June, by a board of editors chosen from the Student Body.

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All items of college interest, and communications to be inserted in the department of Free Press, will be received by Miss Rachel S. Hoge, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

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Terms, $1.75 per year; single copies, 25 cents. Payment should be made by money order.

## A DAY AT HAMPTON INSTITUTE.

BEAUTIFUL for situation and rich in historic interest is the spot where, in 1868, was founded an institution destined to be a mighty factor in solving not only the negro, but the Indian problem as well. Before it, with woods and fields stretching far beyond to the westward, are the sparkling waters of Hampton Creek, just outside whose mouth is the spacious harbor of Hampton Roads, its blue surface often dotted with scores of white sails lit up by the light of the morning sun, as it rises over the Chesapeake. Long years ago, up these very waters, sailed Captain John Smith on his way to found the colony at Jamestown, and a little later that cargo of negro slaves, the first to land upon our shores. Back in the country is the battleground of Big Bethel, while three miles to the east of us is Fortress Monroe.

It was just after the close of the Civil War that there came to take charge of the Freedmen's Bureau at Hampton a gallant young officer, born of missionary parents in the Sandwich Islands, educated under Dr. Mark Hopkins at Williams College, and placed in command of colored troops during the war. He had long before seen, as in a prophet's vision, the school that was to be; and as he rode through the tangled growth of the deserted plantation that had for months been a hospital camp for sick and wounded Union soldiers, with the intuition so characteristic of him he exclaimed, "Here is the place for the school!"

In some old hospital barracks, with fourteen black boys and girls, ex-slaves, as pupils, and two teachers, the work of Hampton Institute began. From the outset General Armstrong's plan was clearly defined. The students were to receive instruction in English branches only; they were to help pay their way by labor, and they were to be taught that religion was a matter not of emotion merely, but of character. And so from the first the motto of the school has been, Train the head, the hand, and the heart.

At first the industrial training was mainly along agricultural lines, with housework for the girls. As the years went by, one shop after another was erected, where various trades were taught under the apprentice system, and dormitory after dormitory was added as the number of students increased, until at the time of General Armstrong's death, in 1893, over six hundred young men and women were enrolled, and the whole plant was valued at over five hundred thousand dollars.

Meantime the Indians had become a marked feature of the work. The first, a band of ex-prisoners of war, who had been in confinement for three years at St. Augustine, came in 1878. Since that time the United States Government has provided for the personal expenses of one hundred and twenty Indians yearly. Tuition for them, as for the colored students, is provided by friends in the north.

It is a bright October morning, and scores of Indian and colored young men, in neatly fitting navy-blue uniforms, have formed in line on the parade ground, ready for inspection. The commandant, a black man, a graduate of the school, with fine face and soldierly bearing, marches down the line to see that shoes are blacked, linen clean, and coats brushed. His duty done, the big bell summons the line to morning prayers in the large assembly room

of Academic Hall. The girls, in fresh white aprons and with bookbags in hand, are already gathering. The morning service is brief—only ten minutes long. The chaplain recites a verse of Scripture, and others follow his example: now a sensitive, shrinking Indian girl; now a young officer of the battalion, distinguished by his gilt shoulder straps; now a plain little black girl, fresh from the country; now a dignified member of the senior class. A hymn is sung, and then the chaplain offers a few petitions for help and guidance. A simple service it is, but because of its influence the whole day is different.

During the next twenty minutes the members of the senior class have singing, and the juniors recite in Old Testament history, while the middlers discuss the news of the day. All too soon the signal is given for change of classes, and we follow our guide to one of the recitation rooms. No Latin shall we find at Hampton. Here, instead, is a junior class deep in the mysteries of capital letters, whose teacher is giving a lesson in morals, having for its subject the importance of care in little things—even the right use of a period. A pile of compositions lie upon the table. They are letters home, telling about the opening of the new term. As we glance them over we find many an omission of punctuation marks, many a misspelled word, many an error in grammar, and many an awkward sentence. Will eight months hence find an improvement in these beginners? Surely there is work ahead for the teacher.

In another room we find a class in geography. A sand-table stands before the pupils. In a moment a volcanic cone rises before their eyes, and a block of lava is passed around for inspection. Then a search is made among the maps for the great volcanic regions of the earth, and the story of Vesuvius is briefly told, while all turn to a picture of that wonderful mountain. We wish to stay, but our negro guide bids us follow him to a class in elementary science, where, in the chemical laboratory, students are experimenting with oxygen. Much is made at Hampton of the importance of training the power of observation. Just across the hall we find a junior class learning, through the beautiful pictures in "Snowbound," to love the New England poet. In another, we find the seniors searching for hidden treasures in "The Vision of Sir Launfal." To these black boys and girls, whose lives have been so barren of culture, such beautiful poems open up a

new world. We are especially interested in a senior civil government class. To the young men, the topics there discussed are of especial interest, having, as they do, so practical a bearing upon the days soon to come, when they must take prominent places in the communities to which they go.

The twelve o'clock chimes ring out too soon for us to visit the history, Bible, and arithmetic classes, and we repair to Virginia Hall, to watch the battalion come in to dinner. Soon strains of music are heard, and we see the ranks, led by the band, marching around the driveway by the water's edge. Six companies there are,—the "boys" of Hampton Institute,—some in the twenties, many in their teens. They are younger now than were the students of fifteen years ago, for the country schools are better taught, and in many cases have longer terms, so that the young people are ready for Hampton at a much earlier age than formerly. The color guard pass in ahead of the others, bearing the "stars and stripes" and the school flag of navy blue, with the monogram H. N. P. in white. They stand just inside the doorway of the great dining hall, while under the arch made by the flags passes the great throng of students and visitors. A bell is sounded, and with bowed heads the six hundred negroes and Indians join in singing the grace. It is no unusual thing to see tears trickling down the cheeks of gray-haired men as the pathos of this scene overmasters them.

Dinner over and dish-washing ended, the bell summons for the afternoon session, different in many ways from the morning hours. There are classes in cooking and sewing, lessons in sloyd, and gymnastic drill for the girls, while the young men have instruction in manual training or agriculture. Hampton firmly believes that intellectual training but partially fits her students for life, and that her girls must be prepared for the home, understanding how to provide for the bodily needs of their families. She believes that her young men should know how to cultivate successfully the rich soil of the South, as upon such knowledge will depend, to a very great extent, the future prosperity of its vast negro population. The same is true of the Indian, now that he is admitted to the rights of citizenship.

We must not leave Academic Hall without seeing the Normal Class. Until quite recently every Hampton graduate has had training in methods of teaching, and has gone out from the school with a teacher's certificate. Now only those who have received the Academic diploma take the course

of normal lessons. This class is small, but is increasing in size every year. Hundreds of graduates are now teaching in the towns and in the rural districts of the South, while some, of whom Booker T. Washington is the acknowledged leader, have built up schools of higher grade. It is hoped that while fewer teachers may be sent out under the new plan, the quality of work they are able to do will be greatly improved.

One of the most interesting of the recent developments at Hampton is the opening of the new Trade Schools, in a large brick building, having eight wings and a central court. In each of these schools are taught the principles of a trade. Let us take a peep at the bricklaying and plastering departments. In the former we find four young men just beginning the trade. They have built a corner of a wall about four feet high and four inches thick. Near it is another of twice the thickness of the first. Farther on is a chimney, perfect in every respect except that it is only a few feet high. On the opposite side of the room is the corner of a house, with framework for one window and a door. All these pieces of work are soon to be taken down, and the bricks cleaned and packed away for future use, while the young men take a course of lessons in the plastering room. Here we find the framework of ten alcoves, which the students will lath, plaster, and hard finish. Then they will take down the work, leaving the frame ready for others.

Similar work is going on in the carpentry, blacksmithing, and painting schools. Under the apprentice system the shops could seldom be made to pay from a financial standpoint, for the labor employed was unskilled, and as fast as a boy became of value to the shop he left, and his place was filled by another. Now, no one is to go into a shop until he has had a thorough course in one of the trade schools. A similar building is going up for the girls, where the various branches of domestic science will be taught more fully than now, and with better appliances. Four of the young men now at work upon the building have already taken the bricklaying course at the Trade School.

And now for a walk about the outskirts of the grounds. Here comes a young man with saw and hammer. He is just from the carpenter shop, and is on his way to do a bit of repairing on one of the cottages. We call at the printing office, and see the fresh sheets of the *Southern Workman* coming

rapidly from between the rollers of the steam press. As we come out we meet a student. His shoes were made at the shop yonder; his trim uniform came last week from the tailoring department close by; while his linen was ironed in the school laundry, where many a girl washes or irons all day, attending evening school two hours each night. We hear the sound of an anvil, and our guide tells us that it comes from the school blacksmith shop. While he is speaking there passes us a shining new wagon, built at one shop, ironed at another, and painted at another; while the harness, strong and neatly made, is a product of still a fourth.

The day is fast passing, and we must forego a trip to the farm stretching off toward the Whittier School, where the children of the county are taught, and to the barn with its forty head of cattle and score of horses. Instead, from the front veranda of the old plantation mansion, now known as the principal's house, we watch the sun as it sets behind the browns and golds of the October woods, tinging with rose and violet every inlet of the glassy creek, and we say to ourselves, "Was ever spot more beautiful?"

Soon the happy faces of the young people are seen once more about the dining-room tables, and many a tale is told of the day's experiences. Supper over, at a given signal those who have all day been at work in the shops or on the farm, in the sewing department or in the laundry, rise and pass to Academic Hall for evening prayers and night school, where, till nine o'clock, they will forget the plane and the plough, the needle and the washboard, and devote themselves to the mysteries of arithmetic, geography, and grammar. Meanwhile the members of the trade classes and of the academic department file silently upstairs to Virginia Hall Chapel for evening worship, after which they will repair to their various study halls to prepare the morrow's lessons.

And so has passed a day at Hampton. We wish that we might remain through the week to attend the earnest, helpful Christian Endeavor meeting, to see some of the circles of King's Daughters at work making scrapbooks and dressing dolls, to send out to graduates' schools at Christmas time, and to attend the great social given in the big gymnasium on Saturday evening. We wish we might spend a Sunday at Hampton, for then we might have a morning ride behind the "missionary mules," with a party of young people who are going to teach the little black folk of a Sunday school over by the bay.

We might visit the Bible classes of Hampton Institute, and gather in the beautiful Memorial Church for preaching service, as the afternoon shadows begin to lengthen. We should certainly wish to attend the meetings of the Y. M. C. A. and the King's Daughters; but perhaps we should most enjoy the family gathering in Virginia Hall Chapel, and the rich, mellow music of the plantation melodies as there sung at the close of the day by these children and grandchildren of the slaves, whose bitter experiences gave them birth.

But we must be off on the morning train, and as we leave the spot which will ever after be so full of interest to us, we ask ourselves: "Why is all this outlay? Why this enormous expense of thousands upon thousands of dollars annually given by philanthropic friends?" And as we question, we remember the words of the beloved principal of the school, the man whose rare tact and wisdom are so successfully carrying on the work begun by General Armstrong, "If any student has come to this school with the thought of what he can get for himself alone, then Hampton is not the place for him." Here is Hampton's secret: and who shall estimate the influence upon the South-land and the Western plains of the thousands who have gone out from this institution with the question in their hearts, "What can I do for my people?"

MYRTILLA J. SHERMAN, '79.

## NEW ENGLAND NORMAL SCHOOLS.

"THERE are really only two things the successful teacher needs to have,—knowledge of his subject matter and knowledge of his pupils." Add to this that in subject matter it is indispensable that the teacher shall have advanced considerably beyond the limit to which he is to conduct his pupils, and we have a brief but satisfactory test by which to judge the aim and work of any training school for teachers.

In aim, or plan, The Teachers' College of New York satisfies this test. By its affiliation with Columbia it makes it possible for a student to secure a good acquaintance with his subject matter while carrying a course in methods, observation, study of pupils, etc. One weakness of the work in this combination seems to lie in the fact that the departments in the two colleges

not being under the same direction there is a lack of connection in the work, and some time is liable to be frittered away. Still, at worst, there are possibilities for any student that do not exist where the school in which subject matter may be studied, and the school in which practice may be combined with study of methods, are not at all connected, or even are antagonistic.

In Wellesley College, and some others, a worthy attempt is made to supply the twofold requisite for a teacher by teachers' courses in the several departments. This plan, in its fullest extent, leaves only one thing to be desired,—a school of lower grades in such relation to the college that actual practice and opportunity for observation may be had by the college students; *i. e.*, the college should be provided with a pedagogical laboratory as well as with scientific laboratories.

But the plan of the New England normal schools is the weakest possible. In a normal school there is no opportunity for advanced study of subject matter, nor for such study as shall furnish a foundation on which the student may build independently after leaving school; nor, as a rule, have the teachers in normal schools had such training in their specialties as would fit them to direct such work. Only in rare cases does a student enter the normal school with more than a very ordinary high school course, any "special," "English," "three years' course," etc., being sufficient for admission. The very few college students who transfer to normal schools are usually those whose mental caliber has proved unequal to the work of the college course; in fact, any other would be apt to find that a normal course involves a sad waste of time. As a rule, the teachers in a normal school are graduates of the school itself; some with, some without, a brief special course at some college or summer school. The inevitable results of such inbreeding follow.

An extract from a letter written by the first assistant, or more correctly vice principal, in one of the best Massachusetts normal schools, to a graduate of that school who had tried to show wherein the training she had received in a four years' course, which professed to fit her for high school teaching, had proved insufficient for the demands of her work as a teacher, indicates so well the existing condition of things that I copy it here *verbatim:*—

"It seems to me," writes the vice principal, "that you misapprehend

the aim of normal schools. When I said that the girls would not go on to higher work, I meant that it was not the province of a normal school to give them that knowledge of algebra which would be necessary for a prospective college student, but to do for them that which would fit them to teach in the public schools. (*Sic!*) . . . You probably came to —— thinking it was a school in which you were to obtain an education, instead of one in which you were to study the way of starting others in that direction. By your thirst for knowledge and your previous study you belonged to the minority," etc., etc.

A school which takes for its province to do that which shall fit teachers for public schools of all grades, should not ignore, or set aside, or even neglect the needs of the minority who have a thirst for knowledge; yet this is inevitable under present conditions, and there is reason to fear that the recent creation of new normal schools will prove only a watering of stock already too poor.

Two ways occur to the present writer by which these evils might be remedied in Massachusetts. The money involved in the plants and running expenses of eight State normal schools might be used to establish one State college with a professional course for prospective teachers. The College of Liberal Arts should be so well equipped that it might be attractive to general students who might be required to pay moderate fees. Tuition should be wholly remitted to those taking the professional course, and in this only those should be continued who show good capacity in their work in general. Scholarships might be established for the encouragement of students of special promise. Cities preferring teachers of lower attainments could easily secure them by local training schools, but the expense of these schools should not be thrown on the State.

Another "way out" is as follows: The money now devoted to the maintenance of eight normal schools might be used to establish a thorough professional school in connection with an existing college of high grade. The connection between the two should be close and vital. Membership in the professional school should be open only to members of the affiliated college and to college graduates; and to members of the professional school all fees in both schools should be remitted.

SPECIAL, '88.

## THE MEETING OF THE WAYS.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and there were still two hours left in which to think, dress, and catch the evening train. Richard Blake set himself down on the footboard of his bed and considered. For six or seven minutes he swung his long legs in silent meditation, and with a childlike disregard for the hieroglyphics which his heels were carving into the wood. Then he rose as one whose course of action is decided, and proceeded to clothe himself with unusual care. Now, this is not an easy matter for a clerk in a small town, on a salary of eighteen dollars a week. "Solomon in all his glory may possibly have outshone me, but I guess I'll do," soliloquized Richard Blake, as he surveyed as much of himself as was visible in the mirror over his washstand. There was a good deal of Richard and very little of the mirror, so what the mirror could not very well reflect had to be left to chance, and to the kind Providence which especially protects the helpless. "I do not want the little girl to be ashamed of me," said Richard.

He unlocked a bureau drawer and took out a leather photograph case, ancient, worn, and dingy. Very soberly, very reverently he opened it. It held all he knew of a past and of a childhood. He looked at the four faded daguerreotypes,—a man in an old-fashioned Prince Albert coat, standing stiffly erect, one hand on the back of a chair; a woman with a delicate oval face, and black hair parted and drawn smoothly down over the ears; a small boy in kilts and white stockings, whom he took to be himself at the age of five; and a mite of a girl baby still in long dresses. He stared solemnly at three of the pale, faded ghosts of the long ago, and wondered why they had survived so long, when their originals had vanished from the earth with all that had once been theirs. No; not quite vanished. He looked again at the mite of a girl baby. "You are alive and grown up now," he thought. "You are probably a beautiful girl, and you have lived in luxury. I am a clerk at eighteen dollars a week, and prospects. Will you be glad to know me, I wonder, little sister, whom I have never known?" The baby lips gave no response, so Richard Blake closed the case and put it into his inside coat pocket. Then he snatched up his hat and tore out of his room, down the boarding-house stairway, and into the street, as if he were fleeing from the wrath to come. But he was merely hurrying toward love and companionship after the long, lonely years.

Panting, flushed, excited, he reached the train a full half hour too early, and, to his disgust, found himself compelled to curb his impatience with an evening paper, and to satisfy his soul with the latest account of the Chinese war and the tariff complications. He suddenly realized that he was still hot and breathless with running, and that people probably thought him a lunatic. He straightened himself into the usual tall young man with the thin, nervous face, and the unusually preoccupied air. But he felt like a minister on the way to his first sermon.

. . . . . .

The Huntingdons were prominent people in the city. Mr. Huntingdon was prosperous, influential, and respected. Gossip, supported by Dunn & Co., rated him as fabulously wealthy, and there was talk of bringing him up for Congress. It was thought that he would be willing to run. Mrs. Huntingdon was known as one of the most popular women in society, and her gowns and dinner parties were described at length in the Sunday papers. Richard Blake thought of these things, and felt mentally "cold all over." Then he thought of Ruth Huntingdon, his sister, in spite of all; as much his sister as when the Huntingdons had found her in the Southern orphanage, and had been won by her baby sweetness to adopt her. He would see her, speak to her, and,—well, chance could decide the rest, decide it once for all.

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"For Mrs. Huntingdon," said the maid. Mrs. Huntingdon gave one hasty, nervous glance at Ruth, who was idly strumming a new waltz at the piano. She handed the card to her husband and hurried down to the reception room. The lights were low as she entered, but the young man was sitting near the fireplace, looking thoughtfully into the flame, and the glow of the gas log lit up his thin, fine face. Something in its eager gravity touched Mrs. Huntingdon; as he rose to meet her she held out her small jewelled hand to his with cordiality.

"This is Mr. Blake?" she said. "Please be seated. I will call Ruth immediately; you must be anxious to see her; I have told her all; I think she knew it all before,—about her adoption, I mean,—but not about you. Forgive us for that; it was very selfish of us, but we did not like

to think of any one having any claim upon her but ourselves. Now, of course, it is different. Mr. Huntingdon has seen the lawyer, and admits that you are quite correct; that the proofs are full and all data satisfactory,—we need not go into that now. Mr. Huntingdon also made inquiries concerning you yourself,—that is justifiable, you know,—and all we know is of credit to you. This most of all. We shall be glad to have you our own friend, and to offer you a share in your sister's home whenever you come up to the city. That is all, and,—O yes, perhaps there is more than that; but I will leave that to Mr. Huntingdon. She turned and hurried to the foot of the staircase. "Ruth," she called.

"Yes, mother," said a voice from above. Richard Blake started. A hard knot rose in his throat; his hands clasped and unclasped themselves; he felt himself on the verge of crying, and swore at himself gently under his breath, as men will sometimes do when deeply stirred. The tender chords in a man's nature still vibrate easily at twenty-five. The boy braced himself; it would never do to make a scene. That was ridiculously, unnecessarily melodramatic, besides being a strictly feminine prerogative. He tried to rehearse the little speech which he had composed for the occasion. The rustle of a girl's gown swished slowly down the stairway in the darkness. He felt his heart beat once, twice, three times. A slender figure appeared in the doorway,—a delicate oval face, with the black hair parted and drawn smoothly over the forehead. And the carefully prepared speech melted into nothingness as brother and sister came to the Meeting of the Ways.

Edith B. Lehman, 1900.

## THE PARTHENON AT MIDNIGHT.

Listen to the stately stepping
    Of the ghostly feet that tread
    In this temple of the dead;
And the wild, weird pirouetting
Of the hollow winds coquetting
With the solemn silhouetting
    Of the phantoms, as they loom
    In endless phalanx through the gloom.

See the silent, silver shimmering
Of the midnight moon that wanes,
Wondering at the spirit trains,
As among the shadows kneeling,
Or between the columns stealing,
Soundlessly they go, revealing
Forms of worshipers of old
Come again from out the mold.

Note their glimmering garments sweeping,
As again they restless roam
To the place of ghost and gnome.
Where is now Apollo's luting?
Where Arcadian Pan's clear fluting?
Hark, the dismal owl's shrill hooting!
Whither gone? Ye whom they miss,
Gods of the Acropolis!

EDITH M. WHERRY, 1901.

## THE TRIAL OF BENJAMIN.

"How can I do it?" said Miss Abby to herself, with bitter self-accusation, as she rocked back and forth and knitted nervously. "In the first place, how could I say such a thing; and now, how can I keep my word?"

Every time she looked at Benjamin her sorrow and remorse broke out afresh. He was so unconscious of the little that was between him and ——, as he lay blinking in the sun, purring contentedly. Miss Abby's firm lips trembled involuntarily, in spite of all the years' practice they had had in moving only at the will of their owner.

For the fiftieth time she went over in her mind all the circumstances which led up to the threatened death of Benjamin. A feeling of horror stole over her when she realized that she, Abby Curtis, had actually betted. She had betted away the life of a creature. But how could she have foreseen the result? Had she not brought up her family of eleven cats with regard to the most approved principles of cat honor and morality? Had she not, time and again, put a piece of juicy steak upon a low table and left the eleven alone

with it? And had she not always upon her return found it untouched, while the faithful eleven slept or sat solemnly licking their chops? When the skeptic butcher had remarked, "I bet there's no livin' cat but what would steal if you left her alone long enough," no wonder, then, that she had risen in her wrath and declared that her cats, anyway, were not thieves. To the laughing reply of the butcher that he "wouldn't stake much on it," she had answered, with trembling dignity: "I would. I would stake the life of my Benjamin." [Benjamin happened at that critical moment to be near his mistress.]

The butcher had been somewhat astonished at her earnestness. A butcher of his stamp, with five little prospective butchers at home, could hardly understand the feelings of a lonely spinster for a cat. But he had called back cheerily, as he strode off to his wagon, "All right, Miss Abby; you stand by your word, and if your cat doesn't improve a good chance to steal a piece of meat, I'll give you a pound of the best ninety-cent tea."

She had been so sure that Benjamin would stand the test, that she had not feared to say the word, which must now be fulfilled. She had been so calm when she had prepared the tender, juicy bit of steak that was to be the cause of one cat's temptation and fall! When it was all ready to be placed on the low wooden shelf, from which all her cats ate together, she had taken Benjamin into another room and given him as hearty a meal as cat ever ate. Then, with some whispered words of warning and a loving pat, she had carried him back and left him alone with his temptation.

At the end of the five hours—she considered that would be a fair time—she had gone in trembling triumph, had opened the door, and called quaveringly, "Benjy! Benjy!" Benjamin had come bounding to meet her, and to rub about her skirts with glad lashings of his tail. Then the two had advanced together to inspect the piece of meat on the cats' table. They had stood looking at the low wooden shelf,—Benjamin with an expectant air, his head on one side, and Miss Abby with growing perplexity. She had stooped and scanned the little table narrowly. Could it be that after all these years her keen, bright eyes had failed her, and she needed spectacles? She had looked again. Where was the meat? With inquiring look she had turned to Benjamin, who had looked at her in the same way. Then it had slowly dawned upon her that the meat was not there. Benjamin must have eaten it!

With a stifled cry she had caught Benjamin in her arms and hurried away. All the long night she had hardly slept. One thought was in her mind, "To-morrow Benjamin must die."

And now to-morrow had come! As nine o'clock came on Miss Abby's knitting needles clicked faster and more furiously. They flashed in the sun like zigzagged lightning. When the clock struck nine she folded up her knitting and glanced despairingly at Benjamin. Then she spoke to him, but he only yawned, and blinked, and stretched.

As she slowly walked down cellar with Benjamin she wondered if it were wicked that the story of Abraham and Isaac should come persistently to her mind at this time. She led the way to the ominous-looking tub, turned bottom side up on the cold stone floor, with the sinister-looking bottle beside it. Miss Abby choked as she looked up.

When all was ready she quickly clasped the unsuspecting Benjamin, and, burying her face in his warm fur, she silently rocked back and forth on the floor. The clock upstairs struck the half hour. She must do it. It must be over before the time for the morning round of the inhuman butcher. But there was still time to give Benjamin one more good meal. With halting tread she passed up the stairs and went to the cupboard. She opened the door and looked in. With a gasping cry she sank back into a chair. Inside the cupboard, carefully set apart on a piece of clean paper, was a bit of meat.

O, what had she done? Why wasn't there somebody to tell her what she had done? Could she believe the evidence of her senses? Miss Abby forced herself to sit quietly in her chair, and solemnly ask and answer a question: "Did I forget to put the meat which I had prepared on the cats' bench? Yes; I forgot to put the meat on the cats' bench." Benjamin, the beloved, was innocent. With a joy too deep for expression Miss Abby walked quietly down cellar. She replaced the tub, and put everything carefully away. Then with peace in her soul and Benjamin in her arms she went upstairs.

Nina Foster Poor, 1900.

## BEATSEMALL.

I was meditatively biting my pencil, trying to think up material for my next theme, when suddenly I heard a voice. I was very much startled, for I thought that I was alone.

"Please, oh, please, I beg of you, do not bite me any more!" it entreated piteously. In great surprise I looked in the direction of the voice, down at the short, hard-used little stump which I held in my hand. It really looked so abused and miserable that my heart misgave me."

"O, do excuse me," I said, humbly. "I didn't realize that I was hurting you."

"No," he replied dryly; "evidently not."

There was an embarrassing pause. I didn't know what to say. He was plainly angered, for his shaved lip curled sarcastically, and I could feel him growing warm in my hand. Suddenly he turned and fixed upon me a blunt, lead-like stare.

"How long are you going to abuse my patience?" he asked, hotly. I jumped, and involuntarily dropped him into my lap, as quickly as the monkey in the fable dropped the glowing coal. "Is this the way you treat a person who has toiled for you for six long weeks? who has worn himself to the very bone for you? who has almost died for you?" he burst out impetuously. "If it had not been for me where would you be now? Was it not I who made you pass your examinations for college? Think how I worked! How I scratched for you, day in, day out, for four long days! And there you are, you, who claim to be gentle and kind, biting, yes, actually biting at my ribs! O ye great pens and little pencils!" He stopped, choked with anger.

Then, mustering up my courage, I began. In the first place I begged his forgiveness for my cruelty and thoughtlessness, explaining to him that his patient silence made me sometimes forget that he had feelings. In the second place, I thanked him most heartily for his devotion to me, and for his untiring zeal in my behalf; assuring him that, had it not been for him, my fate would have been indeed a sad one. (I could see that he was conciliated in a good measure by this move on my part.) And, lastly, I promised him faithfully that I would treat him, for the rest of his life, with as much kindness and care as it was in my power to bestow upon him.

He really almost smiled when I finished, and said in the kindliest way, "Well, we'll draw a line through what we've written, then, and begin on a clean page."

"Agreed," said I, only too willing to let bygones be bygones.

"I am very sorry," I continued, "but, really, I cannot remember how you and I first met. You see, your family is so very large that I can hardly be expected, I think, to remember the circumstances of my introduction to each one of you."

"Of course you can't," he said heartily; "and I shall be most happy to help you recall a matter so pleasant to me."

While he cleared his throat I thought to myself: "Hasn't he just the sweetest disposition in the world! How could I ever have been so mean to him?"

"Well," he began, pleasantly, "before I fell into your hands I had lived all my life in a large, dark place, called a drawer, in a crowded, dusty Boston store. My life there was a delightfully happy one until Scratch was taken from me. Then, oh, how miserable I was!"

"And who was Scratch?" I interrupted.

"O, Scratch was my wife,—a fountain pen, you know," he explained. "She was a fine girl, too, if she did sell for only ten cents. She was fond of me, I can tell you,—wept herself almost dry when she left me." He swallowed hard before he continued. "Well, what was I talking about? O, yes; I was pretty lonely after Scratch went, and I began to wish to be sold. My coat was nice and red and shiny then, not very much like what it —h'm—what it was before it was painted, you know, and I began to look out for a customer. I was very nearly sold several times to small boys, but I thought I would probably fare better in the hands of a girl, so when the boys tried me on a piece of paper, I wouldn't write. I can remember well the day I first saw you. You looked so pale and worried, and your hand shook so when you took me up, that my heart went out to you at once, and I said to myself: 'Now, Beatsemall ("that is my name, Beatsemall," he put in parenthetically), 'now, Beatsemall, here is a chance for you to help some one who is in trouble.' So then you bought me, and I came with you here to Wellesley. The rest, I think, you must remember, the examinations ——"

"O, yes," I interrupted; "I never can forget ——"

"Scratch!"

"O, Beatsie, is this really you?" I looked, in amazement, in the direction of this second voice. In a moment I understood. My fountain pen had fallen into my lap!

JULIA BALLENTINE PARK, 1901.

## ACROSS THE EMPTY FIELDS AT DAWN.

Across the empty fields at dawn
I heard a quavering, half-hushed note
That trembled in a song-bird's throat
But for a moment, and was gone.

Brown, withered leaves the cold winds whirled,
With crackling sound, across my way,
Then silence; and the wintry day
Dawned cheerless on the weary world.

R. C.

## I SAW PAULINE.

I saw Pauline but yesterday,
Buying a posy over the way,
And, watching from my attic height,
Methought the dingy shop grew bright,—
She brought the sunshine of the May.

She took her posies, lack-a-day!
And left our street a duller gray;
But in a dream I had last night
I saw Pauline.

I dreamed that after some delay,
I penned a simple roundelay
To sweet Pauline. Unhappy wight!
She scorned my verses, well she might.
And now, in sooth, I'm loath to say
I saw Pauline!

R. C.

## A PROFESSION.

She did not know whether to "take up" medicine or literature. She had always intended to study medicine; her "always" dated from the time when her brother died. She was young, but still she thought that, more than her girl friends, she had been interested in what she called the "study of life"; the study of death also had interested her, but somehow she never could realize the end of human life. Many weary minutes had she tried to believe that separation from her friends would come; but contemplation of a butterfly or a grasshopper would drive out the idea, and life, warm, joyous, unending and thoughtless, rushed in to drive the sad, bothersome thoughts away.

Margaret loved to write; she even preferred writing to studying bugs, and cutting up worms and other uncomfortably crawly and slimy animals. She regretted training her zoölogical dislikes. Life, the development of animal life, had always been a particular hobby with her. She believed that animals, like babies, keep the old world sweet,—at least grandmothers and old maid aunts sweet. She did not like people who did not like animals; people who killed mice and worms she cordially hated. Not that she loved mice and worms herself, for she most emphatically did not; but she set mice free just the same, and she turned the cart out of the road to avoid running over caterpillars. She even skipped, with great discomfort to herself, over cracks in flagstone pavements where nocturnally belated, unhappy worms were crawling.

Yet notwithstanding all these theories and altruistic ideas about animals, she regretfully confessed to herself that she preferred to scribble. Margaret had always read; she sometimes had an uncanny feeling that her love for writing had been started by other people's books. She knew that this secondhand inspiration was not altogether right. She discovered after her omnivorous age, when "Alice in Wonderland," Balzac, Emerson, and the Duchess were equally absorbing, that she did not even care for all kinds of reading. When she read that "a starfish had been seen tightly embracing a young oyster," she was not particularly interested. She smiled, because she thought she followed an interesting similarity. She rather preferred to ignore the antics of the "lower animals" when she was contemplating some

old, familiar themes which she was sure did not in the least apply to them, such as love and some other things beginning with L. Still her imagination regretfully confessed that the appearance of a mermaid would have added greatly to her power of romancing. Indeed, it was hard, when one considered medicine so much more broadening than scribbling down one's own thoughts,—and not always one's own,—that she must still acknowledge she preferred to write.

She had written a good deal. She wrote sketches, stories, and nonsense. She also wrote verse spelled in her imagination with a capital V. She had quite a batch of sonnets, a large number of sentimental poems to her girl friends, and some hopefully sensible nonsense lines. She never tried to get anything published, for she knew that her work was but simple, rather plain stuff that would not "take," and without even a touch of Le Gallienneism. Margaret knew that she would have to make a business out of literature if she ever hoped to make a success of it. She had always wanted to be successful. So things had become pretty much tangled when one rather helpless girl "had always intended to study medicine," "had always scribbled," and "had always wanted to be successful."

. . . . . .

"Doctor Margaret, the baby ain't no better. I done tole his father that he shouldn't give him any mo' whiskey. It don't seem to do him no good, an' his little head is sorer to-day than it wuz yesterday. His hair done got so matted, I reckon you'll have to cut it off. He's got a bad fever, too: 'taint so bad as it wuz in the night. He just lay there so quiet like an' moaned. An' he don't even know his own name. You know his father an' me have been callin' him Jamie these sixteen months ever sence you brought him. An' to-day he don't no mo' look as if he recognized the name dan as ef he never heard it. 'Deed, Doctor, I don't know who could have brought dat baby better. It's the first one I ever had, an' ef I ever have any mo', I hope you'll be as good to me as you wuz to me then. Do you recollect, Doctor, when he first called me 'Ma'? 'Twant so long ago? Then when he called his father 'dad,' I wuz 'most mo' tickled than when he found out who I wuz. An' law! when he said 'Miss Doctor' to you, I just couldn't get over it.

"You think he ain't no better? He's got the pneumonia? How'd you tell that, by thumpin' his chist? Law, Doctor, ef any thing were to happen to that baby his father and me would jest be broken-hearted. No, I ain't got no mo'n twenty cents jest this minute; time's been mighty hard lately, but I guess that'll buy him those things you speak of. P'r'haps I could earn a little ef I dared wash, but you say that the soapsuds and steam is bad for him, and we ain't got but this one room. I done all I could to avoid draughts already; we covers up the cracks in de door an' windows every night with our clo'es. Yes, Doctor, dere is a powerful bad smell 'round here; 'taint a bit like de fresh country dis time o' year. I asked his father ef dere couldn't nothin' be done 'bout dat drainage runnin' right past de door, but he 'lowed de city authorities wouldn't do nuttin', an' he couldn't. Deys been asked times enough, dere's been so much fever 'round here.

"Law, Doctor, I think Jamie's waked up. He's lookin' right straight at you. Don't you hear him tryin' to say, 'Miss Doctor?' Poor little man, your voice sounds mighty bad. I declar', I think it's worse than it wuz yesterday. He always did have that way of puttin' out his little hands when he calls to us. He does it just de same to dat old black cat Dinah what hangs 'round here. One warm day dis fall I had to leave him while I went 'round de corner to get some potatoes for his father. I lef' de door open, it wuz so powerful warm, an' when I got back Jamie wuz settin' in de middle of de floor, 'nd dat old cat done come in at de door and sat dere lickin' his paws an' regardin' him. He wuz holdin' out both his little hands and sayin', 'Miss Dinah,' as ef his whole heart wuz set on havin' dat old, dirty cat come rub up against him."

. . . . . .

"Yes, sah, my name is Mrs. Scott. So Doctor Margaret sent you, and I reckon it must be all right. Yes, sah, step right in here; we ain't got but de one room, an' you'll find —— he is here, sah. No, sah, she didn't say nuttin' to me 'bout whether it's to be black or white; but sence she tole you white, why, I reckon dat's best. No, sah, dere ain't none of our family been buried in dis city befoh. My folks wuz all from Georgia, and my husband he came from South Carolina. No, sah, I don't know Green Hill, 'les dat's de cemetary up dere by Wissihicken. You say to-morrow at three o'clock?

Yes, sah; his father an' me will be ready when de Doctor comes for us. Thank you, sah; good day."

. . . . . .

"Law, Honey, she done sent you a wreath of daisies; she ain't forgot how you always mistook 'um for live critters, an' would talk an' play with them by de hour when she had you up in de country wid her. No, sweetheart, I reckon I forgets you can't hear me no mo'; I guess my head ain't just right. I'll jest lay dis wreath in your little hands, and you can hold it dar till to-morrow. No, sweetheart, I won't take it away from you, then, ef you'd rather hold it —— fo'ever, Honey."

JEANNETTE A. MARKS, '99.

## JOTTINGS.

ONCE upon a time,—and I must state positively in the beginning that it was not this year, nor this college, nor any girl you know,—two girls were discussing the merits of their respective colleges. Somehow the talk drifted to professors, with particular attention to that branch of the subject called "grinds" on professors.

"I remember we played a pretty good joke on a faculty once," said one, "and she never saw it at all. Our head professor, Dr. W., is very forgetful,—the sort of woman who promises her class a written lesson next week, then forgets all about it, to their secret delight, and remembering it later springs a review on them a month after when they have forgotten. She makes up in sense of dignity what she lacks in memory, and will never acknowledge that she has forgotten. In the fall of my sophomore year the president was sick for nearly a month, and Dr. W. took charge. She had a little way of keeping a watchful eye on suspicious characters, and used to send out weekly budgets of mail calling up the girls for petty offenses against law and order. In her office was a list of the culprits over against a list of their faults,—a sort of debit and credit account for the aid of her faulty memory. When a girl entered out came this black book, and after the explanation, which the offender usually gave without question, her name was duly checked off. Many a time did my name go down in the book before the month was

over. But one day we heard that the president was much better, and was about to return to his duties. Of course Dr. W. and the black book would shortly vanish, but before their departure we determined to try a little joke at her expense. So when the weekly budget of censuring notes went out, we contributed one of our own. My cousin Jessie was the victim. Next morning, promptly at eight, Jessie took her place in line at the office door with an untroubled face. She had been down in the black book too often before to feel anxious this time. Of course we weren't worried either, for we knew she could take care of herself. You ought to hear Jess give an account of what followed. She entered, and watched Dr. W's thin finger follow the names down two pages. Then the professor looked up just a little taken aback.

"'Isn't this Miss X?'

"'Yes,' said Jess, meekly.

"The poor old doctor looked and looked, took off her glasses and wiped them carefully, and finally said: 'Have you still got the note I sent you this morning? Well, suppose you get it for me.' So off went Jess to her room, where she had a row of similar notes arranged as a border round her mirror, and soon returned with the bogus note. She thought she dimly realized that there was some joke at the bottom of it all. Now, Dr. W. was so perplexed that she thought she recognized the note, and, what is more, thought she remembered the occasion. So she sat up very straight, frowned hard, and began:—

"'Now, Miss X., you have had notes from me once too often. It seems that it does no good to reprimand you, so I must adopt a severer course. You will please confine yourself to the college grounds for the next two weeks, and let me see that your room is dark and quiet by ten o'clock at night.'

"Well, Jess came out and we fell upon her with questions. Then, of course, we explained the joke, and laughed over it. But Jess didn't laugh. 'Why on earth didn't you ask her what it was about?' said I. 'The idea of standing there and never saying a word through it all!'

"'Oh,' said Jess, smiling ruefully, 'that's just the point. You got the wrong victim this time, girls. Two of us got locked out of the building last night, and climbed in through Madge's window. We were just over at

the Chapter House, so of course it was all right, only Dr. W. would never look at it that way. So when she called me up this morning I thought she knew it all, but that it had slipped her mind. I couldn't say a word; and naturally I can't go back now, for she will ask why I didn't object before.'"

"Well," said the student of the rival college, realizing that she must tell a story: "Fortunately we aren't driven to playing jokes on our faculty. They are always doing something strange themselves to keep us amused. There is one dear, innocent old professor, of whom we are all very fond. He is as absent-minded and forgetful as your Dr. W., but he doesn't care a rap for personal dignity, so he sometimes does odd things. One Thanksgiving day he was going out to dinner, and had sent off the servants beforehand. He lives in a neat little house facing the campus, with a tiny stable in the rear. He shut the door behind him and came tripping down the steps; then remembered that he had left the key on the inside, and that the door had a spring lock. He looked around in a puzzled way, and noticed an open window on the second floor. If he could get in there, of course he could come downstairs, get the key, and come away again. Excellent thought! There was a ladder in the stable. As the ladder proved too short, the zealous little professor dragged out his worn old buggy, then set the ladder in that, mounted triumphantly to the window, came downstairs, shut the door behind him, put the buggy and the ladder in the stable, and went on his way as happy as a bird in his ingenuity."

"And the key?" questioned the first college girl. "Oh, the key was still in the door. The professor never thought of it again until he got home that night."

## EDITORIALS.

I.

THE laying of the corner stone of a new building in the college grounds must always be an occasion of great interest. Especially is this the case with the students of the present, for they have no recollections of previous similar ceremonies. They have only heard general remarks in a reminiscent way from the favored few who were here at the time. A massive block of granite, the corner stone of the main building in deed as in name, was laid one afternoon in the early autumn of 1871. Mr. and Mrs. Durant and the workmen were the only people present, and the service was of the simplest kind. More elaborate preparations were made for another ceremony in 1880, when Stone Hall was built. Invited guests, speeches, a dinner in College Hall, a holiday for the girls, besides the bright prospect of another much-needed building, made the occasion a memorable one. It was in 1880, too, that the corner stone of Music Hall was laid with appropriate services, so that by the addition of two new buildings in a single year the College reaped large gains. Simpson Cottage, at first jokingly known as the "Lame Duckery," because it was intended chiefly for nervous students, worn out by the noise of the main building, had the dignity and honor of a special fête at its dedication. There was an address by Dr. Duryea, and afterward a collation served in the dining room at the main building. Norumbega was ushered in one bright June, in the decennial year of the college by the formal laying of a corner stone. The ceremony was simple, but interesting, for two reasons. First, the hymn for the occasion was written by Dr. S. F. Smith, the author of "America"; and, second, the name chosen for the house had peculiar significance. It had been proposed to call the new building Decennial Cottage, but a happier suggestion won the day. Professor Horsford was at the time much interested in researches concerning the fabled Norumbega, that undiscovered city supposed by some to have existed up on the Penobscot, and by others on the Charles. So, in compliment to him as one of the chief contributors to the fund for the new building, and an honorary member of the Class of '86, Norumbega was chosen as the name, and

Professor Horsford laid the corner stone. Later, at the dedication of the cottage, there was a house-warming, when Professor Horsford lit the fire in the parlors and Whittier sent a poem on this second Norumbega. Wood Cottage, Freeman, and the Farnsworth Art Building had no corner-stone ceremony, but there was a dedication of this last. Mr. Brimmer gave the address, and Mr. Rotch, the architect, in a brief speech explained the design of the building, and expressed the hope that the little rooms at the side, now private apartments, might some day be devoted to architecture. Afterwards came the inevitable and pleasant collation in the dining room at College Hall. The laying of the corner stone of our new chapel, noticed elsewhere in our columns, closes fittingly the list of ceremonies which have inaugurated new buildings among us.

II.

Our interest this month has been much attracted by the formation of a new social club. Believing that social clubs have a happy effect on the community, we are glad to welcome the Wellesley Social Union among our other organizations. Membership is open to all who are or have been self-supporting, and have, of course, some connection with the College. The Union is of the nature of other working-girls' clubs, and may in time join the Massachusetts Federation of Working-Girls' Clubs. Although a fully definite plan for meetings has not yet been adopted, the Club expects to meet twice a month for social purposes. The performance of "A Box of Monkeys," given just at a recent Barn Swallow Meeting, was repeated for the benefit of the new Club at its initial social meeting. We hope that future meetings may be as successful in character, and wish the Union all prosperity.

III.

Many of us who now very readily take the Barn Swallows like many other blessings, for granted, have nearly forgotten the barren time when it was not. But before our time came the "Idler" and the "Philalethian." The "Idler," rejoicing in a simple and suggestive name, was born of Radcliffe's

desire for a club that should keep the girls together. Missing much that is most delightful in college life by the scattering that followed on the close of recitations, the Radcliffe girls welcomed the social meetings as something to unite them. The "Idler" is naturally much smaller than our own Barn Swallows, and so, perhaps, more easily handled. The "idling" is almost entirely of a dramatic nature. As the regular time of meeting is Friday afternoon, when the work of the day is over, the comedies given are short, though carefully gotten up. Sometimes they try a more elaborate presentation, such as "On a Balcony," most successfully attempted some time ago. On one occasion there was a departure from the established custom in the shape of a regular chafing-dish party. This impromptu food exposition was, however, too expensive to be often repeated, and the drama is again the order of the afternoon.

The ancient and honorable Philalethian plays an important part in the social life of the girls at Vassar. Though there are numerous small organizations of varied kinds, the Philalethian is the only social club that takes in the great majority. As the membership is so large the society is, for the sake of convenience, divided into chapters,—each with its individual president, while a president in chief controls the whole. The new girls apply for admission, and the various chapters divide up the applicants among themselves. Each chapter orders and arranges its own entertainments, but they all meet and unite in the Hall plays,—the great events of the year—when the choicest dramatic spirits of the College are actors, and the whole Philalethian is present to applaud. We, perhaps, owe our Barn Swallows, in part, at least, to the idea planted by these social clubs in the minds of Wellesley girls who altered the form to meet their own needs and demands, but kept the spirit of the Idler and the Philalethian.

In an editorial last month on the College Library, a statement was made concerning the Horsford fund which should be corrected. During many years the Horsford fund has provided liberally for both current expenses and the purchase of new books, and it is to this source that we owe by far the greater number of the forty-eight thousand volumes which the library now contains.

## FREE PRESS.

I.

I HEREBY raise a protest against the mysterious cloaking of personality reported to take place in the poetry department of this number of the Magazine. Those of us who were able to find out enough to understand the allusions to a "Poetry Club" in our midst, in the November number of the Magazine, were exceedingly interested in it,—its aims, its methods, and its members,—particularly when we realized that some part of its product must find its way to these pages. We were eager to know what nature of rhyme could be produced by such a union, and, above all, "who wrote what." It seemed as if the College should have the right to locate its talent, to personify it, as it were, if for no other satisfaction than to predict futures, or claim knowledge of the past, should fame emphasize the veiled names of these modest aspirants. But we find we are to be balked by a couple of meaningless letters, identifying each production with the body as an abstract whole,—with this Rash Clique, these Royal Clowns, these Rabid Cynics, these Rattled Children. Must it be so? And if so, why so?

II.

IT seems strange that it is the members of the freshman class alone who are debarred from the privilege of attending the theater, the reason being given that their time is needed for their studies. This would lead one to suppose that the freshmen have more to do than any of the upper-class girls. Yet when it comes to the question of lights, it is found that it is only the freshmen again who are forbidden to sit up after ten o'clock; the reason in this case being that they have plenty of time to prepare their lessons before ten. If they have time to get their lessons before ten o'clock, and others have not, how is it that others have time to attend the theater and they have not?

1901.

## EXCHANGES.

THE prevailing tone of the exchange columns in last month's college Magazines was despondent. Dwellers in the most inviting glass houses flung stones freely, and had windows smashed in return. An outsider, judging by

this interchange of amenities, might have traveled to either one of two false conclusions: he might have decided that college publications lack brotherly kindness, or that literary ability, so far as collegians are concerned, is resting in peace, and ready for the requiem. To prevent any such impressions we are eager to take up cudgels in our own defense. In answer to the first possible charge we would say that we college periodicals bubble over with friendliness for each other. If we conceal our feelings under words likely to be misunderstood, we do so with the best of intentions. Like the reader of themes and forensics, we have in view the mutual benefit to both criticiser and criticised, more especially to the criticised. To any intimation of our lack of ability, we hasten to reply that we have it, we feel a deep, glowing assurance that we have it, however chary of appearing it may seem. Literary ability, we must explain, is modest,—especially so in college. She does not rush in unasked, and heap up the editor's desk in wanton profusion. On the contrary, she demands to be wooed, coaxed, wheedled, and even then she holds back. Witness the amazed admiration and hopeless envy with which one of our sisters speaks of another, "Nine articles, and not one by the editors!" We also gasp. We have a fleeting, incredible idea that editors so supported may sometimes lean back in the editorial chair, capacious but not over-downy seat, and allow themselves the luxury of a smile. Possibly they have even lost that searching expression which is the unmistakable stamp on the college magazine editor. But here we feel that we overpass the lawful bounds of imagination, and take flights which may cause us discontent with the wind-clipping realities of our lot.

To return, then, to the exchanges of this month. They fill us with the same comfortable feeling which creeps over us when the singer assures us that "Spring is not dead." They promise, and we hope. Vacation has apparently been put behind, and the advantage is evident and widespread. There is more good, vigorous prose, and less diluted moonshine disguised as fiction. The college youth and college maiden, to be sure, still flourish, and spread their love over unnecessary pages. Such things, we submit, are inevitable. They are the stuff that plots are, or are not, made of. On the whole, however, the stories are much above those of last month. The poetry, perhaps, is not so good. But then, we cannot always have two lumps of sugar in our tea.

In the *Vassar Miscellany* we notice especially an interesting, well-written article on "Maurus Jókai, Novelist and Patriot." There is also a clever little story, "A Girl to Love," in which the girl was not a girl at all, but only the photograph of a hasty-pudding heroine.

Readers of the *Smith Monthly* will find in "English Fiction of the Present Day," and "Stevenson, the Man," two essays well worth attention. "The Story of the Child Ursula" has in it a knowledge of child nature and an art of expression not often found together. It is full of an unexpressed tragedy, none the less tragical in that it is a child's.

If we may presume to warn, we would say that two stories in the *Yale Lit.*, "Mr. Hook and Mrs. Crook," and "Uncanny Youth," are full of the unexpressed, so well concealed that some may find looking for it a hopeless task.

The quality of the fiction in the *Columbia Lit.* is commendable. "The King's Triumph" has a decidedly Weymanesque flavor, but on the whole is exciting, and well and rapidly told. "Where Hope is Hopeless" is little more than a sketch,—an incident in a Chinese opium joint. It is done with strong strokes, is vivid, realistic, and unpleasant.

The *Nassau Lit.* is worthy of note chiefly for the essay on "The Ring and the Book," and the blue haze which circles about "Some Literary Smokers." The writer of the latter comes very near to reaching the conclusion that the world's great owe their making, so to speak, to tobacco.

The *Inlander* has a little story upon which we should like to bestow some well-merited praise. Unfortunately it is in dialect, and no one now dares to praise dialect stories. Some of its attractions are hinted in its title, "An' He Wind She Blowed all Night dat Day."

We clip:—

CONTENTMENT.

This life is sweet though we have lost the rose;
And what care we that into darkness goes
The little span that's left to you and me?
Not all the beauty vanished with the spring,
For new joys rise while other charms take wing.
The day was bright? Lo, stars light up the sea.

—*Nassau Lit.*

### THE FOOL IN LEAR.

I see brown leaves a-blowing,
Sing all! sing all! this merry lay.
I see black cloud-streams flowing,
And these, alack, must end the play;
For one shall sleep at dawn of day,
And one shall sleep at eve,
But I shall sleep at the burning noon,
We three—sweet sleep receive!

It's sleep that knows no waking,
One long, gloom nap we're taking,
And a poor fool's heart is breaking:
Sweet sleep receive!

—*Yale Lit.*

### FROST-BITTEN.

I sent my lady violets blue,
And then, with lover's art,
I begged her, if she loved me true,
To wear them o'er her heart.

And if she would not say me yea,
But bade me not despair,
I prayed her send hope's cheering ray,
And wear them in her hair.

. . . . . .

I met my lady yester e'en,
The wind blew chill and rough.
She wore my flowers,—but, cruel queen!
She pinned them on her muff.

—*Smith Monthly.*

### THE EMPTY BOAT.

Over the sunset sea
Rises the evening star;
Silver the path from me
Leading to it afar.

Barren the sandy shore,
  Dreary the evening sky,
Savage the ceaseless roar
  Of the billows nigh.

Say, what is that afloat
  Off in the path to the star?
It is an empty boat
  Drifting over the bar.

Slowly on to the shore
  Drifts the boat from the sea;
In it a broken oar,—
  Where can the oarsman be?

Battered by billow and bar,
  Safe on the shore at last;
Whisper, O evening star,
  Tell me what of its past.

—*Bowdoin Quill.*

## BOOK REVIEWS.

*The American College in American Life*, by Charles Franklin Thwing, D.D., LL.D., President of Western Reserve University and of Adelbert College. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1897.

The month of November has brought to those interested in the college problem a book entitled "The American College in American Life," by C. F. Thwing. Mr. Thwing is himself a college man, as well as the President of Western Reserve University and of Adelbert College, and for several years has shown his lively sense of the importance of college questions by the publication of the following books dealing with those questions, "American Colleges: Their Students and Work," "Within College Walls," and "The College Woman."

The work under consideration, "The American College in American Life," sums up briefly, as an introduction, the growth and increasing power of the college. It then goes on to give "Certain Great Results" of the collegiate movement. Mr. Thwing writes: "It (the American College)

has helped to train one third of all our statesmen; more than one third of our best authors; almost a half of our more distinguished physicians; fully one half of our better-known lawyers; more than a half of our best clergymen; and considerably more than one half of our most conspicuous educators."

The author next discusses "College Influence, Over and Through Individuals," "Certain Present Conditions," and "Certain Difficulties" of those academic conditions. He thinks "it to be the duty of Americans to use every endeavor to prevent the foundation of more colleges; to unite, if it be possible, certain ones of those now existing; to strengthen the colleges already great, well endowed, well established, and well situated—to make those not only great but the greatest possible. We should unite all the fires of our scholarship in a few central suns, rather than scatter them as star dust through the scholastic heavens."

Mr. Thwing is, from the outset, an enthusiast in behalf of colleges, but by no means a blind enthusiast. He sets forth the advantages, the power, the success of college clearly and vigorously,—but as tellingly and concisely he lays bare its failures and its dangers. The book is calculated to give one a short yet comprehensive view of the history, influence, and probable future of a force which has already so strongly affected over two centuries and a half of our national life, and which is to continue a most powerful factor of its development in the coming years.

*With Pipe and Book;* a collection of college verse, chosen by Joseph Le Roy Harrison, Editor of *Cap and Gown*. Providence: Preston and Rounds Co., 1897.

In an odd binding of green and red of a cap and gowned person coming, with pipe in mouth and book in hand, down a winding path from towers in the distance. "With Pipe and Book" belies not its name,—as to "the outer man," in any event. The heart of the matter, we fear, does not restrict itself to the masculine, however, for within the covers appears many a poetic gem from feminine caskets. The little book is a successor to the "Cap and Gown" volumes, and is of about the same caliber. The selections have been chosen from the literary publications, monthly or weekly, of the more prominent colleges. There is no effort made at classification, but gay succeeds grave, and serious gives place to playful at pleasure. The little book

is a pleasant companion to have, both as it reflects in a measure present poetic doings of our colleges, and as it serves to entertain with its fun and please with its frequent real poetic merit.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

*With Pipe and Book;* a collection of college verse, chosen by Joseph Le Roy Harrison, editor of *Cap and Gown.* Providence: Preston and Rounds Co., 1897.

*Selections from Paradise Lost,* including Books I. and II. entire, and portions of Books III., IV., VI., VII., and X. With Introduction, Suggestions for Study, and Glossary. Edited by Albert Perry Walker, M.A. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co., 1897. Price, 40 cents.

*Poems by William Wordsworth;* a selection edited by Edward Dowden. The Athenæum Press Series. Boston: Ginn & Co., 1897.

*German Selections for Sight Translation;* compiled by Georgianna F. Mondan. Heath's Modern Language Series. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co., 1897. Price, 15 cents.

*Morii der Geissbub,* by Johanna Spyrix. With a Vocabulary, by H. A. Guerber. Heath's Modern Language Series. D. C. Heath & Co., 1897. Price, 25 cents.

*The American College in American Life,* by Charles Franklin Thwing, D.D., LL.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1897.

*Tennyson's The Princess.* Edited with Introduction and Notes by Albert S. Cook, Ph.D., L.H.D., Professor of the English Language and Literature in Yale University, President of the Modern Language Association of America. Boston: Ginn & Co., 1897.

## COLLEGE NOTES.

*Nov. 4.*—The usual Thursday evening prayer meeting is led by Mrs. Durant.

*Nov. 5.*—The Biology Club, which has been carried on for the last two years by the students in the higher courses of Zoölogy, under the direction

of the Misses Claypole and Miss Hubbard, met Nov. 5 to discuss plans for the coming year. The programme decided upon is the study of the natural history of Wellesley, discussions of interesting scientific questions, and reports on prominent articles in the scientific magazines. The discussion for the next two meetings are upon the history of anatomy and leading anatomists, and the geographical distribution of animals. After the discussion there is an informal social meeting.

*Nov. 6.*—Dr. Ernest Henderson, of the History department, gives a talk, in the Current Topics Course, on William II.

*Nov. 7.*—Rev. R. D. Merrill, of Brentwood, L. I., preaches in the chapel at the usual hour; at 7 P. M. Mrs. Gulick gives an interesting account of her work in San Sebastian, Spain.

*Nov. 8.*—An informal recital is given in Stone Hall parlor, consisting of numbers by Miss Warren, violin, and Miss Carroll, piano, both of Boston, assisted by advanced pupils from the School of Music. The members of the music faculty intend to give these informals about once a month; and, so greatly was the first enjoyed by those present, it is hoped they may be able to follow out their plan.

*Nov. 11.*—Prof. Von Dael, of the Boston University, lectures before the French department. His subject was "Salons in the Eighteenth Century."

*Nov. 13.*—The regular meeting of the Barn Swallows was held in the barn at 1.30 P. M. A play, "A Box of Monkeys," was given, and was heartily enjoyed by those present. The following members, who constituted the cast of characters, deserve great credit for their excellent acting:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Sierra . . . . . | Grace Hoge, '98. |
| Mrs. Ondego Jones . . . . | Elizabeth Jones, '98. |
| Lady Guinivere Landpoor . . . | Alice Harding, 1900. |
| Chaucey Oglethorpe . . . . | Helen Damon, '98. |
| Edward Ralstone . . . . | Corinne Abercrombie, 1900. |

*Nov. 14.*—Rev. B. D. Hahn, of Springfield, Mass., conducts the usual Sunday service in the chapel.

*Nov. 15.*—The first of the evening concerts for this year is given by Miss Harriet Shaw, harp, and Miss Clarke, voice.

*Nov. 18.*—3.30 P. M., The '98 basket-ball team wins the inter-class game from '99, with a score of 17 to 5. Attention is hereby modestly called to the fact that the '98 team has never yet lost a game.

*Nov. 20.*—3.20. Dr. Alice Luce, '83, of the English department, speaks in the Current Topics course on "Opportunities for Study Abroad." Dr. Luce is one of Wellesley's daughters, of whom she may well feel proud. She was the first woman to receive the degree of Ph.D. from Heidelberg University. Her talk was extremely interesting, and was highly appreciated by her large audience.

*Nov. 21.*—Rev. E. S. Rousmaniere, of New Bedford, Mass., conducts the usual morning services in the chapel.

*Nov. 22.*—11 A. M. The services connected with the laying of the corner stone of the new chapel, to the west of Stone Hall, take place in the present college chapel. Rev. Dr. Alvah Hovey, Vice President of the Board of Trustees, made the opening prayer, which was followed by an address by Rev. Dr. Edward L. Clark. Mr. Clement Houghton laid the corner stone of the new chapel, given by Mr. and Miss Houghton in memory of their father, William S. Houghton, a former friend and Trustee of the College. In the corner stone were placed a Bible, a copy of the college charter and by-laws, a copy of Mr. Durant's sermon, and representative copies of the daily papers. The closing prayer was offered by Bishop Wm. Lawrence, of the Board of Trustees. A large number of guests were present at the exercises, including trustees, alumnæ, and other friends of the College. The corner selected for the ceremony is the northeast corner bordering on the main avenue through the grounds. Owing to the lateness of the season the services out of doors were necessarily brief.

7.30 P. M. Prof. George Hubert Palmer lectures on "The State as an Ethical Factor." After the lecture the members of the Philosophy department, assisted by Professor and Mrs. Palmer, received some of the students of the department and other guests in the faculty parlor.

*Nov. 24.*—12.30 P. M. College closes for the Thanksgiving recess. The corridors are generally deserted.

*Nov. 26.*—12.30 P. M. The barges unload the revelers at the door, and the recitation bells begin to ring once more.

*Nov. 27.*—3.20 P. M. Miss Coman gives the regular Current Topics

talk in Lecture Room 1. Her subject was "The Coal Strike of the Past Summer."

7.30 P. M. Mr. Max Heinrich gives a song recital in the chapel before a very large and equally enthusiastic audience.

*Nov. 28.*—Rev. J. E. Tuttle, of Worcester, Mass., preaches in the chapel at the usual hour.

*Nov. 29.*—7.30 P. M. Mr. John Graham Brooks lectures on the Lattimer riot and the price of coal.

*General.*—It was thought that it might be of interest to the alumnæ enthusiastic in sports and pastimes in their college days, as well as to present members of the student body, to learn the present status of the athletic interests in the College. The Athletic Association itself numbers two hundred and fifty-four, some of its members belonging to the faculty. Golf is especially well patronized this year in spite of links far from perfect. Basket ball is, as usual, highly popular and successful under Miss Barker, '98. It was hoped that intercollegiate games might have been arranged had not winter descended rather early and unexpectedly. As usual, crews and basket-ball teams leave outdoor work December 1, for the gymnasium. Facilities for indoor work are especially good this year, owing to the fact that the "barn," is now supplied with heating apparatus, and hence can be utilized for gymnastic purposes uninterruptedly. For those not regular members of organized sports the regular dumb-bell classes will be formed, and, it is hoped by the association, continuous opportunities for skating may be had by flooding the athletic field. The enthusiasm for basket ball, as well as golf, has reached the body of "officers of instruction and government," and a faculty basket-ball team is being organized, and will commence work next week. Several of the faculty are also going to undertake regular gymnasium work.

The most interesting basket-ball match of the season took place in the gymnasium, Tuesday evening, November 30, by chosen players from the faculty. The college has not been notified as yet whether, as an organized team, they will play the class and college teams, or whether they were merely occupying their leisure moments by this invigorating pastime.

## SOCIETY NOTES.

At a meeting of Phi Sigma Society held Saturday, October 16th, the following programme was given :—

Subject, Robert Louis Stevenson's "Kidnapped."
Critique . . . . . Martha S. Dalzell.
Music . . . . . Alma Liepp and Lucy Plympton.
"The Weir of Hermiston." Critique . . Jane N. Cool.
Stevenson as a Writer of Romantic Fiction . Ellen Smith.
Stevenson's Songs . . . . . Betty Scott.

There were present at the meeting, Miss Abbott and Miss Wells from the Beta chapter; Miss Eager, '92; Ethel Stanwood Bolton, '94; Miss Chase, '95; Misses Shaw, Goldthwaite, Dewson, and Baxter, '97; Miss Eddy, special, and Miss Montague.

A regular meeting of the Agora was held Tuesday, November 23, at which the following programme was presented :—

Impromptu Speeches,
The Significance of the November Elections Mary S. Barbour.
Laurier's Visit to Washington . . . Ruth S. Goodwin.
Spain's Reply to General Woodford . . Elizabeth Seilman.

The question, "Should the municipal government control the street railways," was considered.

Introductory Papers . . . . Lucy M. Wright.
Affirmative . . . . . Miriam Hathaway.
Negative . . . . . Mary Louise Clarke.

A general debate followed: Miss Mary Lauderbach, '99, Miss Edna Le S. Seward, Miss Rachel C. Reeve, and Miss Anna F. Cross, all of 1900, were initiated.

The regular monthly programme meeting of the Society Alpha Kappa Chi was held Saturday evening, November 6. The following programme was rendered :—

I.

Symposium.
News from Classic Lands . . . . . H. Carter.

II.

Programme.

1. Mythology in Homer . . . . . M. Smith.
2. Mythology in Vergil . . . . . E. Watt.
3. Mythology in Art . . . . . J. Hall.

There was an initiation meeting of the Society Alpha Kappa Chi, Friday evening, November 12. Miss Estelle Smith, of 1900, was initiated.

A regular meeting of the Society Tau Zęta Epsilon was held Saturday, November 6. Miss Carolyn Louise Chase, 1900, was received into the Society. The programme for the evening from the study of the history of music was as follows:—

Music and Musicians in Italy.

I. Current Topics . . . . Florence Brentano.
II. History of Music in Italy . . M. Emelie McClary.
III. Style of Music and Chief Compositions . Mary G. Martin.
IV. Music from "Il Trovatore," Misses Sutherland, Reynolds, Weed.
V. Great Italian Composers . . . Olive Rosencranz.

A regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held in Shakespeare Hall, November 29, at 7.30 P. M. The study of the Merchant of Venice, begun in the last meeting, was continued. The following programme was presented:—

I. Shakespeare News . . . . . Alice Cromack.
II. The Jew in Elizabethan Drama.
Shakespeare's Shylock, Marlowe's Barabbas, Maude Almy.
III. Dramatic Representation. Merchant of Venice, Act I., Scene 3. Marlowe's Jew of Malta, Act I., Scene 2.
IV. Shylock on the Stage . . . . Edna Patterson.
V. Dramatic Representation. Act V., Scene 1.

A meeting of Society Zeta Alpha was held on Friday evening, November 12. Miss Josephine Baxter, '98, Miss Mary Coonley, '99, and Miss

Ethel Burnham, 1900, were initiated into the Society. The following programme was presented :—

Review of Hall Caine's "Christian" . . . Miss Burton.
A Study of Recent Poetry . . . . . Miss Maine.
Résumé.
The Kentuckians, by John Fox, Jr.
A Rose of Yesterday, by Crawford.
Prisoners of Conscience, by Amelia Barr.
Chevalier d'Auriac, by S. Levitt Yeats . . Miss Arnold.
Farce, "Bachelor Maids."

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Miss Craig, | Miss Bayliss, | Miss Sage, |
| Miss Childs, | Miss Byington, | Miss Wilcox. |

A meeting of Zeta Alpha was held on Saturday evening, November 27. The programme of the evening was as follows :—

Review of the "Weir of Hermiston" . . Miss Wheeler.
Review of Mitchell's "Hugh Wynne" . . Miss Wilcox.
Current Topic.
The New York Elections . . . . . Miss Byington.

## ALUMNÆ NOTES.

Adelaide Denis, '87, is this year at the head of the Mathematical department of the Colorado Springs High School.

Anna Palen, '88, is spending the winter in Germany. Her address is 14 Lützon Strasse, Berlin, W. Germany.

The wedding of Miss Mary Stinson, '89, was the pleasant occasion of a small gathering of Wellesley girls. Miss Gertrude Henderson, formerly of '88, and Miss Cordon Stimson, '92, were two of the bridesmaids. Miss M. Calista McCauley, '88, Mrs. Mary Edwards Twitchell, '89, Miss Sarah H. Groff, '90, and Miss Harriet L. Constantine, '89, were present at the wedding.

The engagement of Ethel A. Glover, '90, is announced.

Henrietta W. Barbe Brooks, '91, remains this year in her position at the Carnegie Library, Pittsburg, Penn.

Katherine F. Gleason, '91, is teaching in the Chino California High School.

Lillian Corbet Barnes is spending the winter teaching in Hawaii.

Edith Grier Long, '92, is carrying on her work as Pastor's Helper in the South Congregational Church of Bridgeport, Conn. Miss Long has held this position since July, 1895.

Alice W. Kellogg, '94, is teaching English in the Huguenot College, Wellington, Cape Colony, South Africa.

Fannie B. Greene, '94, is at home in Arlington, Mass., this winter.

Florence W. Barnfield, '95, is teaching in the Pawtucket, R. I., High School.

L. May Pitkin, '95, continues her work at Hull House in Chicago this year.

Sarah C. Weed, '95, expects to spend the Christmas vacation with Elizabeth B. Hardee, in Savannah.

Alice W. Hunt, '95, remains this year at Mrs. Mead's school in Norwalk, Conn.

Emily Porter, '96, is teaching in Burlington, Vt.

Ada W. Sweet, '96, is teaching in the Mansfield, Mass., High School.

Blanche Currier, '97, is at home in Haverhill, Mass.

Elizabeth A. Randall, '97, is spending the winter with her sister in Mahukona, Hawaii, H. I.

Harriet Viola Evans, '97, is a member of the Brookline Training Class.

The November meeting of the New York Wellesley Club was held on November 6. The club was then the guests of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ in Carnegie Hall.

The "Wellesley Association of Western New York" has ceased to be, and in its place has sprung up the "Wellesley Club of Rochester." The

club held its annual meeting and luncheon on the 30th of October. On November 19 the first of the small social meetings was held at the house of Mrs. Clara Andrews Hale, '86, and Miss Kate R. Andrews, '87. The activities of the club during the past year have been varied. They contributed to the Students' Aid Society $35, and in December gave a reception to other college women of Rochester. This year the members have entered upon the work with renewed zeal, and they are doing all in their power to interest Rochester people in the "College Beautiful."

The Boston Wellesley College Club held its first meeting for the year at Wellesley, November 6. Dean Stratton received the Club in the Horsford parlor, and members of the senior class entertained with short speeches, giving interesting accounts of the present standing of the various student organizations. Miss Damon spoke as president of the Glee Club, Miss Dalzell as officer of the Athletic Association, and Miss Rousmanière as representative of the Barn Swallows. Another pleasant feature of the meeting was joining once more with the kindly assistance of the Glee Club, in singing Wellesley songs from "Tupelo," favorite of old, to the present popular "'Neath the Oaks." After the songs light refreshments were served, and the meeting was given over to an informal social.

Last spring there was organized in Rochester a "College Woman's Club," of which Miss Davis, a former Wellesley student, is president. The plan of the club includes both social and literary features.

The regular fall meeting of the Philadelphia Wellesley Club was held at the home of the president, Miss Rachel Sweatman, on Saturday, November 27. A social meeting followed the business meeting.

## MARRIAGES.

Gardner–Keefe.—In Chester, Mass., Nov. 25, 1897, Miss Clara M. Keefe, '88, to Mr. Elam Le Roy Gardner, of Troy, N. Y.

Bean–Stinson.—In Norristown, Pa., Oct. 20, 1897, Miss Mary Emily Stinson, '89, to Lieut. William H. Bean, Second Cavalry, U. S. A. Mrs. Bean's address is Fort Wingate, New Mexico.

CUSHMAN–LITTLE.—In Pawtucket, R. I., Sept. 21, 1897, Miss Elizabeth Little, '92, to Mr. Robert Cushman, of Central Falls, R. I.

HILL–TUXBURY.—In North Tonawanda, N. Y., Oct. 6, 1897, Miss Edith E. Tuxbury, '94, to Mr. Charles Hill.

DUDLEY–NOURSE.—In Marlboro, Mass., Sept. 23, 1897, Miss Harriet A. Nourse, '95, to Mr. Charles E. Dudley, of Providence, R. I.

MILLS–SILL.—In Windsor, Conn., Sept. 1, 1897, Miss Mary Elizabeth Sill, Sp., '79–83, to Mr. Frank V. Mills.

CARMICHAEL–LEONARD.—At Tufts College, Massachusetts, Nov. 23, 1897, Miss Emily H. Leonard, Sp., '85–86, to Dr. Thomas H. Carmichael. At home, 7127 Germantown Avenue, Philadelphia.

## BIRTHS.

Jan. 16, 1897, at 39 Fisher's Lane, Germantown, Pa., a son, Edward Howe, to Mrs. Harriet Pierce Sanborn, '80.

## DEATHS.

In Austin, Ill., Nov. 12, 1897, Mr. William C. Lewis, husband of Gertrude Stevens Lewis, formerly '85.

In New York City, Nov. 14, 1897, Miss Anna Deknatel, formerly an instructor in the French department.

In Dover, N. H., Nov. 21, 1897, Mrs. Shackford, mother of Martha H. Shackford, '96.

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